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The Lehigh

GOBLETT



1948 Spring Houseparty Issue 25c

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS
THAN EVER BEFORE?

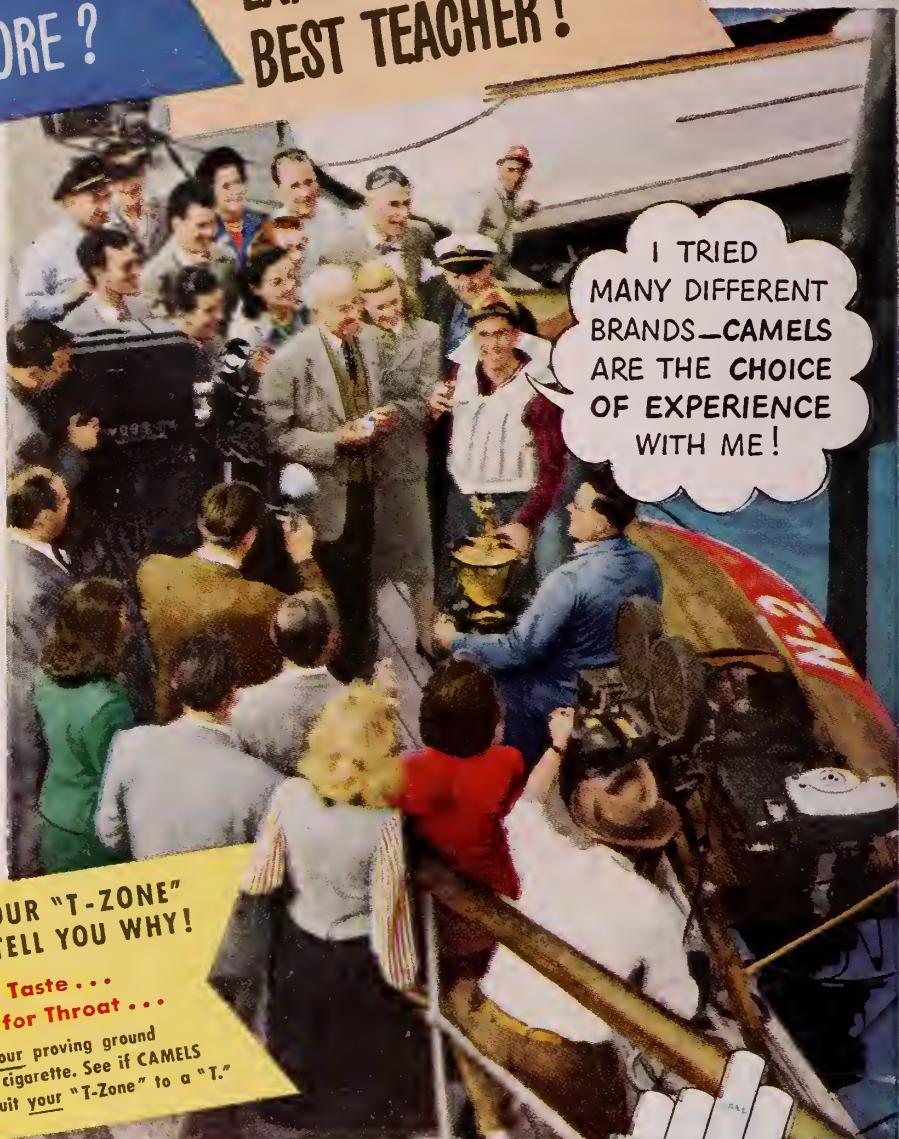
BECAUSE
EXPERIENCE IS THE
BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott

Champion
Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats — 57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T'!"





VOL. III

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, APRIL, 1948

No. 3

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BUSINESS—O. H. Hewitt, Dick Levine, George Weigle.

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SPRING HOUSEPARTY 1948

FRIDAY, APRIL 23

4:00 p.m. Varsity Baseball (Colgate vs. Lehigh) Steel Field
10:00 p.m. to 2 a.m. Senior Ball—Grace Hall
Claude Thornhill's Orchestra and
Sam Donahue's Orchestra

SATURDAY, APRIL 24

2:00 a.m. Inter-Dormitory Council Breakfast—Drown Hall
3:00 p.m. Varsity Lacrosse (Loyola vs. Lehigh)—Taylor Field
8:30 p.m. to 12:00 p.m. Inter-Dormitory Council Dance—
Grace Hall Jack Kenney's Orchestra
Evening: Open House at Fraternities

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OF TOMORROW
MEET TODAY"

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WINE
LIQUOR

Inside the Goblet . . .



BOB POLSTEIN took over the editorship of the GOBLET back in April of last year, and piloted it through its stormy career up to the beginning of this semester. Pole was feature writer, make-up man, copy reader, and GOBLET salesman simultaneously.

He was born in New York City, in the Women's Hospital, and says the fact that he came out of a Women's hospital has bothered him all his life. He also says to write that he likes little children, dogs, and old ladies. There may be some truth in it.

An English and Journalism major, he graduates this semester, and plans to study law, eventually working for some publishing house. "If things get tough," he says, "I can always fall back on writing."

He probably could, for he has demonstrated impressive ability along these lines. *Like the Rocks*, our lead story, was good enough to impress a professional literary agent in New York into offering him her services. We hope you'll like it as much as she did.

Polstein is a member of Pi Delta Epsilon, honorary journalism fraternity, and has a string of other honors, about all of which he is modest.

DAVID ETTELEMAN, whose short short yarn *Sally* appears in this issue, is one of the more versatile members of the GOBLET staff. The lucky possessor of a flair for a fast pen, he also has an equally facile writing ability. A GOBLET old timer, he has drawn a raft of cartoons, illustrations, and one cover. He has been with the magazine almost from its beginning, and has become Art Editor. As such, he co-ordinates all art work, while his own flow of production keeps at its usual height.

Born in Philadelphia, Dave is now a native of New York City. He is an Electrical Engineering major here, and will graduate in June, 1950. EE is in line with his former training at the Bronx High School of Science, where he received most of his technical education.



REGINALD PARKER, author of *Bright Tomorrow*, is a very busy man these days. In addition to attending Lehigh, Parker works from 4:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. at the Bethlehem office of the *Allentown Morning Call* as reporter-photographer. Born in Danville, Pa., and educated at Whitehall Township (Pa.) public schools and high school, Parker came to Lehigh before the war. He later dropped out to work in a ship yard and an aircraft plant, but came back to Lehigh in 1946. He is now a junior majoring in journalism.

Parker, who was married just six months ago, now lives in Hellertown. He hopes that someday he will be able to use his education and experience in doing serious writing.



IRWIN VOGEL, '49, is a native of Somerville, N.J. and if you let him, he will tell you that he is responsible for putting that little town on the map through his work on the GOBLET. Although his main job on the GOBLET is Circulation and Publicity Manager, his first love is writing humor articles. Besides "Spring Fashions", he wrote the "Lehigh Entrance Exam" and the "University Weekly Bulletin" for this issue.

A staunch believer in practicing what he preaches, Vogel can often be seen dressed in fashions not too different from those described in his article. You might have seen him last fall at most of the football games in his most prized possession, a 1920 racoon coat.

Irwin is a pre-Med and when not in the GOBLET office or bothering the girls at Cedar Crest, can be found (during the oddest hours) in Williams Hall.

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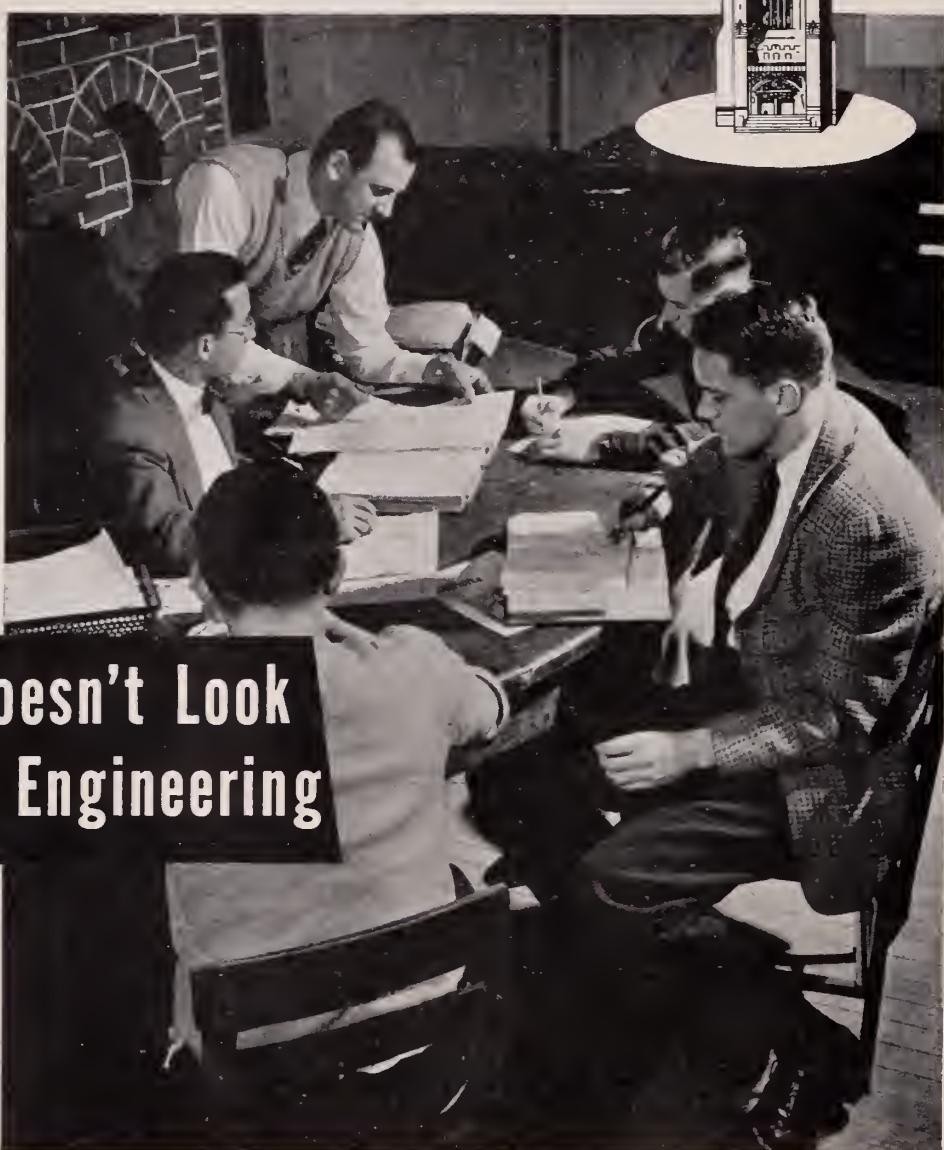


"We telegraph
flowers everywhere"



A BULWARK OF THE

AMERICAN FREE ENTERPRISE SYSTEM



This Doesn't Look Like Engineering

AND IT ISN'T! Like many other curricula at Lehigh University which are not associated with engineering, preparation for journalism is an important offering of the College of Arts and Science. Many Lehigh graduates have capitalized on this training in successful publishing, broadcasting, or advertising careers.

Students majoring in journalism, as shown here, gain practical experience by editing the "Brown and White," undergraduate newspaper. Others, engineering and business students included, can elect journalistic subjects to enrich their experience and improve their writing ability.

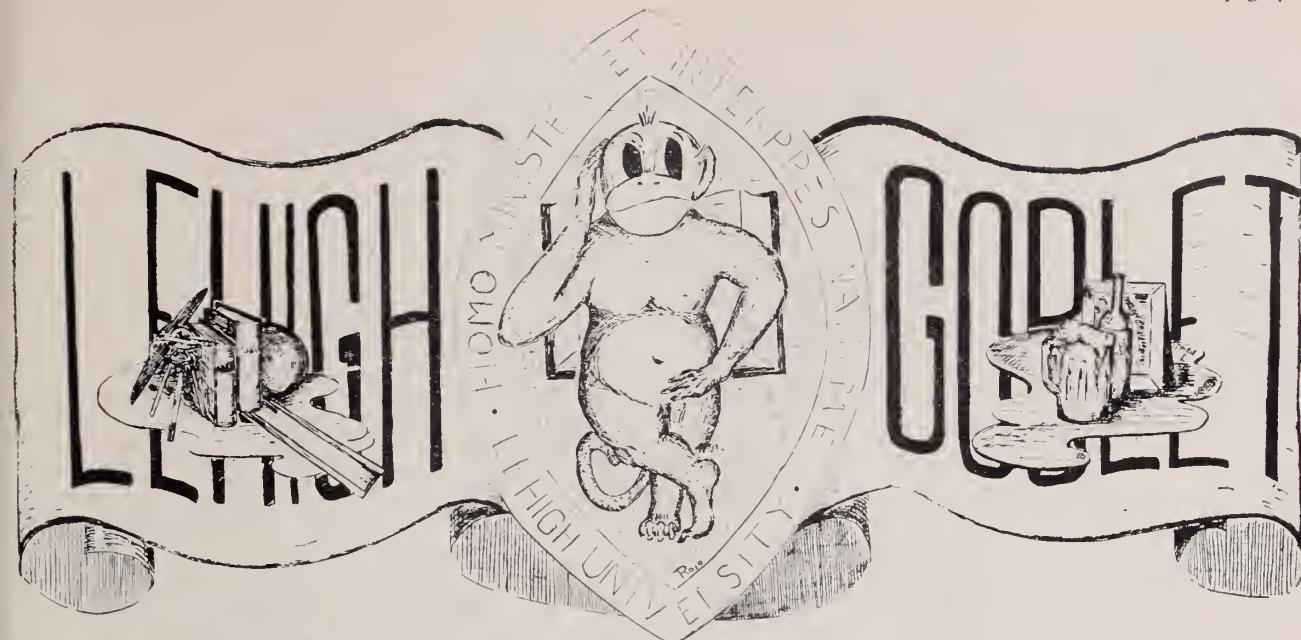
conservation, and economics are only a few that are available to the Lehigh Arts and Science or Business Administration graduate.

But most important is the interrelation of the Colleges of Arts and Science, Business Administration, and Engineering to the end that every Lehigh student has the opportunity to cut across the imaginary boundaries of his profession; to graduate with an understanding of his fellow men and the world in which he lives.

Lehigh University

The many career opportunities in such fields as journalism, public service, medicine, accounting, law, banking,

IN BETHLEHEM PENNSYLVANIA



Ivy and Chestnuts

The office was dark as I stepped quietly through the door. The staff had gone; I was the only one there. It was a perfect evening to spend an enjoyable hour with a pair of scissors, mercilessly cutting all the vile jokes out of the exchange magazines. Houseparty was coming, and the guys might take their dates down to look at the *Goblet* office. They would want to look through the magazines. It would save time to have these jokes all clipped out and ready for reading.

I wished I had a date for houseparty. Gus and I would have to spend it in a lonely night spot. Poor Gus, he was lonely too.

Suddenly, from the corner where the telephone is, I heard a wheedling, whisky-cracked voice: "Honey, you don't know what yer passing up. For most girls, a date with me would be the most interesting one of their life."

I strained my eyes through the darkness. Sitting in the Editor's Chair, his feet cocked on the desk, a big cigar sticking out of his wrinkled face, was Gus the monkey.

"Who cares if you never saw me before," he said into the receiver. "Babe, you're sure to make a hit with me wherever you go. Am I popular! Why, every issue of the *Goblet* has my picture in it . . . What? . . . What? . . . Shocking! Never heard such a thing! Where do you come from, anyway? The *Goblet* is Lehigh's highbrow campus magazine, that's what it is. I'm in charge of it. . . . No, no, no, I'm not the editor. Wouldn't take the job. The editor's another guy, a jerk, a figure-head. I let him run errands. I sit back and intercept checks from the advertisers. Made so much that way that I'm gonna blow a cool hundred this houseparty."

My mind flashed back to a serious, worried meeting

with the business manager, and a great white light dawned. My mind flashed ahead to a worried, serious meeting with Gus. I nearly called the meeting to order right then, but decided to wait and listen.

"Music?" Gus was saying, "Sure, I love music." He fiddled with something on the desk. "In fact, I'm a singer. Just a minute while I clear my throat, and I'll croon a tune." He glugged noisily from a bottle labeled "Printer's Ink." "Just something to cut the phlegm," he said. He put a record on a phonograph, and Frank Sinatra sang "Near You."

"How was that? . . . You think Sinatra is better, huh? Well, we all have off days. I've done other things, too. I used to be sort of a band leader, in a way."

This stumped me for a minute, then I remembered his gaudy, mis-spent youth with the organ grinder.

There was an evil chuckle from the corner. "Okay, chick, it's a date. Meet at the Lehigh Tavern, noon Friday. Yeah. 'Bye sweetie." He kissed the receiver and hung up.

"Ahem," I remarked cleverly. He started, looked guilty for a moment, then snarled brazenly.

"What do you want, Stupid? Go home, the janitor did the sweeping tonight."

"I heard you," I said.

His brazen snarl turned to a brazen grin. "Okay pal, you and I got a secret. Here, have a drink." He handed me the ink bottle.

"No thank you."

"Have a banana."

"No thanks!"

"Let me play you a record."

I drew myself up. "No. Gus. I heard about the money. The ad money."

He sidled over. "I was going to tell you about that all the time," he confided. "You're too smart to fool, not like these other jerks. I was gonna split with you, fifty fifty. You and me are partners, chum—we'll rule the roost."

"That money is going into the treasury. Hand it over." Reluctantly he drew forth an envelope labeled "Gus Goblet Charity Fund." His furry mug was dejected as he handed it over. He headed for the door.

"Wait a minute," I called. "I want to talk to you." He shambled back and hunkered on a chair. "Gus. I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch Uncle."

"You mean a monkey's uncle."

"You know what I mean. Now listen. Why did you date up that girl? You know you can't date girls. You're not like the rest of us. You're a monkey. She'd leave as soon as she saw you."

"I know," he sighed. He turned a green banana over and over in his hands, avoiding my eyes.

"I don't know why I did it. But seeing all you guys excited about houseparty, getting dates, and everything—well, I guess I wanted to get in on it. I was kidding myself."

"Yes," I said. "You'd better forget all about it. But don't take it so hard; even I don't have a date for the houseparty."

"Somewhere in this country is a lucky girl," he said, brightening. "That's the girl you didn't date." Then he looked sorry, and sat silent, looking out the window.

"I had a sweetheart once," he mused. "Me, Gus Goblet, I had a real, honest-to-god sweetheart. Go on—laugh."

"I'm not laughing," I said.

Gus scratched his ear with his Phi Beta Kappa key. "She worked in a circus. Hung by her tail and threw roses. She was young, lovely, glamorous. She was even in a Camels advertisement—'Furry Fanny, Barnum star, always lights a Camel after her daring performance.' Of course, she lit the weed for her keeper; he had her trained. Didn't smoke, herself. Ah yes." He lapsed into silence.

I was touched. "What happened?" I asked.

He sighed. "We were going to elope. The organ grinder I worked with—an-pleasant chap, name of Guiseppe—had a red uniform made for me. I used to wear it when I went to see her. One evening I slipped out of the suit, she put it on, and in that disguise escaped from the circus. We were in the clear, when Guiseppe came along, hunting me. He grabbed Fanny instead and took her away to the chain and collar of an organ grinder's monk. I never saw her again." He sniffed, unobtrusively. "I loved her so, poor lass. I'd have done anything for her."

"But didn't you rescue her? You could have gone to

Guiseppe, showed him he had the wrong monk, and he'd have let her go."

Gus snapped upright. "What, go back to that damned slave driver? Do I look crazy?" He snorted and headed for the door.

"Hold it! What about the girl you dated? You can't just leave her waiting at the Lehigh Tavern!"

"Heck with it," he said.

"No, Gus. Think of the poor girl, waiting and waiting. Also it's very poor publicity."

He shuffled about uneasily. "Well, maybe you're right. I'll have to face her. ChiIvary, by heck! Never say Gus Goblet can't be a chilvarous martyr."

"Of course, it'll be terrifically humiliating for you."

"You're right," he said, looking relieved. "Heck with her." He bounced out the door.

Alone in the office, I felt a warm, tender emotion. I had seen into the lonely soul of this strange, wee creature. And I had helped him. And I had a date for houseparty.



Please step out in the hall, Mrs. Jones?

One thing we have at Lehigh is a very cooperative supply bureau. Witness the case of the camera film. Sheets of film were ordered on the G.I. bill for students in the Press Photography course: each student to get a certain number of sheets. When the film arrived at the supply bureau in bulk, a worker there efficiently opened the parcel, hauled out the bare films, and re-parceled it, so many sheets for each student. "How was I to know I'd ruin it?" he is reported as saying. "The instructions said to open it only under dim light, so I turned off all the lights in the room but one."

An amateur writer has a tough life— sending manuscripts out, getting rejection slips, sending 'em out again. Usually they get used to it, though, and take such things impassively. So we can understand the horror that tore the heart of John Plumb, '48, when he reeled from our office clutching his brow and crying "My God, I've been rejected by the *Goblet!*!"



Was it a sign of spring, advertisement for houseparty, or the New Look, deciduous department? Hard to tell, but it was quite a shock to see, tied around a tree by Xmas Saucon and realistically padded with leaves, a genuine brassiere.

* * *

An item in the Bulletin of General Information issued by the Dean's office reads in part: "By special action the faculty has voted to dispense with classes the Saturday morning of houseparty weekend."

Wise move. It would be foolish to have nobody but faculty in the classrooms Saturday.



A certain arts class has developed a most interesting sideline in sex. It came about like this . . .

The guys were shooting the breeze with the prof one day (he believes in informal classes) and somebody lightly suggested making the Kinsey Report required reading. Said the prof: "We can't do that, but I'd like to read the book myself. Here's half a buck toward buying it."

The table rang as his half dollar bounced upon it. It rang again as the class, to a man, whipped out half dollars. Now they're taking turns reading the famed volume—informally.

* * *

And here's the story on the petrified tree in front of Williams Hall. The thing came from some strata in N.Y. state, which would not allow any of these precious relics to be shipped out of the state. A Lehigh geologist who happened to be in on the rare find, was quick-witted—just like all Lehigh geologists. Picking out a choice item, he had it shipped to "Lehigh University, Bethlehem, N.Y." Upon arrival at the actual town of Bethlehem, N.Y., bothered postal officials re-shipped it to Bethlehem you know where.

And there it stands—a defiant monument to interstate tariffs.

A friend reports testimony from his girl friend that she mixes alum in her cosmetics. If this practice is widespread, it should be very helpful to guys who make the familiar request: "Okay, honey, pucker up."

* * *

One of the main occupations of the dispensary lately seems to be accomodating the hordes of athletes down there who are acquiring sun tans by lamp treatment. Mention this, men, when your date says of that handsome Other Guy: "Oh, he must lead such an athletic, outdoor life—look at his just yummy sun tan!"

* * *

Anybody who ever studied under Professor Fretz, the Geology prof who has enough money on his own but came back to teach classes because he likes teaching classes, remembers the wonderful stories he told, and his lively teaching method. But here's one story, and it's true, which happened right in his class—and he didn't know about it.

What happened was that he had an extra man in his class one day—and he didn't even know about it. Having forgotten his glasses, he never noticed the spare student, and conducted the usual lecture and a short surprise quiz, giving quiz books to all hands.

We bet this is the first he knew that the mysterious "Omar", who answered the question "What is a buried river" with "A buried river is a river which people have got tired of seeing around and finally buried," and "How does land drainage take place?" with "Eaves-troughs, sewer pipes, and/or pulling the plug out," was an Arts man.

* * *

What has dentistry to do with politics? We don't know either, but there must be some connection, because we heard a student proposing planks for a model political convention stand up and say: "We advocate legislation strengthening the powers of the vice-president. We want to give the vice president some teeth."



History Majors On Way To Exam

LIKE THE ROCKS

by Robert Polstein

Peter Hardesty hated to run errands. This one was rather special, but he hurried through the crowded railroad station anyway, anxious to get it over with. Then he saw her, and even as he told himself not to be a fool, began walking toward her.

"Hello, Judy," he said.

She gasped, then smiled her little lopsided funnyfaced smile, and he felt the same pang her smiles had always sent through him. When she spoke her voice was just the way he remembered it—low and musical and grave. She said, "Hello, Petey," and smiled her little smile, and suddenly he was glad he had met her.

"Long time no see," he said, and then realized how empty it sounded, and was sorry he said it.

"Yes, it's been a long time."

"Yes, it sure has been a long time."

"It's been several years, Petey."

He winced inwardly. No one ever said "Petey" exactly the same way she did, and it thrilled him just as it had used to.

"Yes," he said, "it's been years."

"You look well, Pete."

"Thanks, you look fine too," but he was lying.

She wasn't as pretty as she had been. Her blondeness was a bit too blonde, and she was wearing makeup. She never had before—just lipstick. Her skin had been fresh and clear, and in summer it would get tan, and her nose would peel, and he would kiss it, and then her lips, and taste the lipstick. He thought of these things and said, "Looks like the five-thirteen is as crowded as ever."

"The whole city is too crowded."

"Still live in Eastville?" he asked.

"Yes, I just came in to do some

shopping."

"You picked a bad day for it."

They were silent. The girl spoke first.

"Where are you living now?"

"We have an apartment on the west side."

"I read you were married. Congratulations."

"Thanks it's been two years. We..." he started to say more but thought better of it and was silent for a moment.

"Look," he said, "if you've got some time we could get a drink somewhere."

She looked at her watch and said,

A long time had gone by . . . and they both had learned what it means to be lonely. So when they met again, they both wanted—well, deep down inside they wanted to go back to the old days.

Odd, the way it turned out . . .

O.K. if you want to."

He took her arm and they went across the waiting room to the commuter's bar. He guided her to a small table in the corner and sat opposite her. He offered her a cigarette.

"You know I don't smoke. Petey."

"I remembered, but it's been a long time."

"Too long," she said, and then started to say something but the waiter came.

"What'll it be, Judy?"

"You order for me."

"Bourbon and lemon. O.K.?"

"Maybe just plain lemonade."

He ordered, and lit a cigarette.

"How have you been?" she asked.

"O.K. I'm working for an advertising house."

"I knew you'd be a success," she said.

"Yeah, I'm real successful. All you have to do is get a job and marry the boss' daughter."

"Yes, I read of your marriage."

She was playing with the ring on her finger and he noticed the plain gold band and suddenly felt a sense of loss. She looked up, saw the direction of his glance, and quickly ducked her hand under the table.

"Anyone I know?" he asked.

She opened her mouth and was about to answer when their drinks came. After he paid the waiter he didn't ask again, but looked at her and smiled sadly.

"Like the rocks," he said softly and then was sorry.

She smiled at him and lifted her glass. "Like the rocks."

He was glad she had remembered. That had been their own private password since their senior year in high school. They had been reading *Sonnets From the Portuguese* in English class, and on their way home through the fall afternoon they had been trying to remember the lines. When they reached her house she had let go of his hand and said, "How do you love me?" He had forgotten the words and all he could say was, "Like the rocks," and they had laughed, but it had become part of them—their sacred vow. And he remembered the way he'd call for her in the mornings and his heart would give that little jump even though he'd seen her just the night before. She'd wrinkle up her nose at him and say, "Like the rocks," and he'd feel glad all over because she was his girl.



"How's Eastville?" he asked.

"Same as ever."

"We've changed," he said. "You were just a funny faced kid of seventeen last I saw you."

"That was a long time ago, Petey."

He winced again. Everytime she said "Petey" like that he felt the same old pang.

"You never wrote much after the first few weeks," she said.

"Well you know how it is, Judy, college, new faces, and my folks moving to the city and all. You know how it is."

"Yes."

"Besides, you were probably the belle of Eastville by that time, and had forgotten all about me. We were just a couple of crazy kids."

"We were pretty silly I guess," she

said.

"We used to have fun though, didn't we, Judy?"

"Yes, we always had fun." She looked at her watch and said, "I've got to go, Petey."

"I'll take you to your train."

They walked together in silence over to the gate and then she turned.

"It was fun running into you again."

"Judy, I . . ."

"Yes, Petey?"

"Say hello to Eastville for me."

"Sure."

"Remember me to any of the old gang that you see."

"I will." She held out her hand, the one without the ring on it, and he squeezed it for a minute. He looked into her eyes and said softly,

"Goodbye, Judy."

"Goodbye, Petey."

He watched her disappear into the crowd pushing through the gate. Then he remembered his errand and walked purposefully upstairs to the main waiting room. He went to the window marked "Reservations" and asked, "You have a reservation for Mrs. Peter Hardesty?"

The clerk was gone for only a moment. He returned and said, "Here you are sir, one ticket to Reno."

And on the five-thirteen, now moving through the tunnel, the girl sat toying with the ring on her finger. She slowly revolved it until its plain round onyx face—the same as on any high school ring—was again to the front. "Oh, Petey," she whispered, "Like the rocks!"

Bright Tomorrow

by Reginald Parker

He walked glumly beside her and wished he had never met her. He couldn't understand how one person could be so self-centered and inconsiderate one minute and so appealing and compelling the next. But it didn't matter anymore. He was breaking with her once and for all.

He couldn't really put his finger on any specific charm about her that had attracted him. The truth was that she seemed to have a hundred personalities. One day she treated him like the lord and master of the world, but the next he was only something to taunt and snub. In spite of the happy times he had with her, the miseries she had inflicted upon him left him cold and empty.

It wasn't that she was ugly, far from it. She had the cutest dimples and the sweetest smile he had ever seen. Her eyes curved upward slightly at the corners, oriental fashion, and when she was happy they laughed with a breathtaking warmth. Her hair fell in long, wavy shocks of gold that accented her figure like sunshine does a cloudy day. There was no getting away from it, she was the prettiest thing around.

The worst of it was that she knew it, and her conceit got away from her at times. It was then that she became simply unbearable. She liked to call attention to herself in a crowd by talking loudly. He hated that. She liked to corner some gullible fool and get him all steamed up by lisping sweetly to him. He could kill her for that because she only did it to make him mad. And no matter where she was, she never failed to insult somebody. Well, he'd stood that stuff long enough, and he was calling the whole thing off as of now.

He took a short breath and blurted out, "I've had enough of this. I'm quitting." For a second he thought it might have some effect on her, but he was only kidding himself.

"Quitting!" she laughed derisively. "Why, the world will come to an end before you can walk off and leave me just like that. Who do you think you're kidding?"

See what I mean he told himself. No tact, no understanding, no worries about anyone but herself. Man, to think how long I put up with such a thing like that!

"I'm not kidding you," he sighed. "I just can't go on like this day after day letting everybody make a fool out of me because of you. I can't stand anymore of your bragging and foolish ways. I'm through and that's all there is to it. I quit."

The kid learns a lesson about women
that some guys never learn.

Her lip curled in a seer. "Go ahead! Go ahead and see if I care. I can get a hundred like you just by snapping my fingers like that," she shouted, flipping her fingers under his nose. But suddenly she seemed to realize that she had lost her hold on him, and her face flushed, and her lips twitched nervously.

"If you walk out on me now, you needn't come back ever again," she said defiantly, trying to test him. But he said nothing.

Out of the side of his eye he saw her pride actually had been hurt. She was showing it in the sensuous way her mouth drooped and the way her eyes kept blinking tears away. She twisted her handkerchief from finger to finger and made little fleeting gestures with her hands. He realized then that she had never been more beautiful to him then now.

And suddenly he wanted to call the whole scene off. He wanted to tell her that he didn't care about the silly things she had done to him. He wanted to tell her that it didn't matter what the others were saying about them. He wanted to tell her how sorry he was, but it was too late.

They stopped in front of the gate to her yard; he shifted from foot to foot. He saw that she wanted to say something too, but when he watched the tenderness cloud her eyes his knees started to shake and he knew he had to leave.

"So long," he said. "I'm sorry it had to end this way." He heard her take a few steps after him as he turned his back on her.

"But, but,—Gee, I guess I'm sorry about the things I said," she called to him huskily. "I wish you wouldn't go."

His heart leaped at the words, but in that moment he knew that this was his round, and he was going to make the most of it. He turned a little then shrugged his shoulders as though in utter dejection and slowly shuffled off.

When he turned the corner, he saw that she was still watching him half a block away. Suddenly he straightened up and threw his books high in the air and caught them on the run. Tomorrow was another day, and he had learned enough today to change his whole world. He was only eight years old, but already he knew how to get along with them. You had to treat them rough.

IS YOUR DATE NORMAL?

Is your date normal? How normal? You don't know, do you? We thought as much. Well, the GOBLET, always interested in problems of normality, moronity, and morality, publishes for your assistance our special normality quiz. It's the one we give to all staff members. Not that we care whether they're normal or not, but we *do* like to know.

- I Subsistance allowances for students under the G.I. bill should be
 - (a) increased
 - (b) increased
 - (c) raised.
- II Gypsy Rose Lee is
 - (a) pretty damn good
 - (b) a prize winning flower
 - (c) the Borden cow.
- III If you bumped into a profesor in a dark alley, would you
 - (a) call the vice squad
 - (b) call your mother
 - (c) Ask him if he was there for the same reason you were there.
- IV The GOBLET is
 - (a) a marvelous magazine
 - (b) a fine magazine
 - (c) either or both.
- V An optimist is
 - (a) deaf, dumb, and blind
 - (b) drunk
 - (c) dead.
- VI Cheating on exams is
 - (a) PennsyVania Dutch slang for a good student
 - (b) unheard of, really & truly
 - (c) just cooperating.
- VII Children should be
 - (a) seen and not had
 - (b) given a GOBLET to read
 - (c) muzzled.
- VIII Sex is
 - (a) non-existent at Lehigh
 - (b) something I read about in Bio 32
 - (c) ——(Fill in).
- IX Women's bathing suits are
 - (a) protection from the sun
 - (b) protection for the son
 - (c) protection for some.
- X Houseparty weekend is
 - (a) the lost weekend
 - (b) a date exchange
 - (c) only too seldom.
- XI Final exams are
 - (a) unfair
 - (b) unnecessary
 - (c) demoralizing.
- XII The Lookout is
 - (a) a racy French novel
 - (b) a slang expression for Anatomy lab
 - (c) a good place to look out.
- XIII Simonize is
 - (a) a body job
 - (b) a type of myopia
 - (c) a song by Irving Berlin.
- XIV Mustard and Cheese is
 - (a) good with beer
 - (b) a messy conglomeration
 - (c) a sandwich.
- XV Bluebeard was
 - (a) model for a Gillette advertisement
 - (b) Tom Harris
 - (c) a comic book hero.
- XVI A slide rule is
 - (a) a regulation at a skating rink
 - (b) an instrument of torture
 - (c) a cross-word puzzle for those with a mathematical turn of mind.
- XVII Why did the chicken cross the road?
 - (a) had a date for houseparty
 - (b) to buy the GOBLET
 - (c) that was no chicken, that was my wife.
- XVIII Richard Harding Davis was
 - (a) first editor of the GOBLET
 - (b) best editor of the GOBLET
 - (c) copy boy.
- XIX "Live dangerously" was said by
 - (a) Ann Sheridan
 - (b) Caspar Milquetoast
 - (c) The first Lehigh houseparty date.
- XX Harry Truman should
 - (a) get the government out of the red
 - (b) get the Reds out of the government
 - (c) get read up on government.

Scoring: Give 3 for each a; 2 for each b; 1 for each c. If you answered questions more than once, you aren't normal anyway.

55-60 Phi Bete — 50-55 Genins — 40-50 Average — 30-40 Moron — Below 30 Prof.

Phi Bete is so normal it ain't funny. Genins is lots more normal than anybody else, not so normal as Phi Bete. Average is average—this type uninteresting when not drinking. College Prof and Moron probably don't take the quiz anyway.

Spring Fashions

by Irwin Vogel

With the shedding of overcoats and the appearance of that "dreamy look" in young men's eyes we know that spring is finally here. The fashion highlight of spring this year will be the New Look for men. A must in every man's wardrobe will be the bowtie. Other features of the New Look will be knickerbockers with high argyle socks and sweaters featuring the new slashing deep V neckline with hidden wired suspenders. Belts will be worn tighter for that pinched in waist look. the cuff-line will be worn uneven. Another brand new creation features a suit with a double-breasted jacket and bustle back, which, incidentally, doubles as a cushion for those long hours sitting at the card table. Tweed caps and gloves make wonderful accessories for evening wear.

Definitely in mode this spring will be the "Gibson Boy" shirt with bust-form pockets, pique collar and cuffs, and detachable tails for evening wear. Another bright new sun on the fashion horizon is the Hollywood slob shirt, worn with open front. It features a diagonal slash in the front which gives that added carefree touch, and also very causally, of course, shows some manly pectoral hair.

The latest word from the shoe fashion centers is that shoes will be worn this spring. The latest exciting creation is the ballet slipper which one finds so comfortable after those exhausting quail hunts. For evening wear, navy blue wedgies are definitely in vogue. They also give added height for that "you can be taller than the head waiter" look.

Keynote of the New Look will be

the bowtie, which comes in many styles and colors to fit any personality. For men with thin faces there is the butterfly style which lends roundness and dignity to your appearance. For men with round faces there is the shoestring tie for that "Lanky Look." Choose stripes for that "man about town" appearance and for the Celtic mood choose a plaid, dark, bright and bold. For that special affair wear a matching plaid beret.

Ready made ties may be worn, but to achieve that droopy, devil-may-care look you must wear a hand tied one. Most men eschew hand made bows because of the difficulty in tying them. I will try to clear up this difficulty and explain how it's done.

Start with the tie around your neck hanging evenly on both sides. Then tie a simple overhand knot, again letting the tie hang down evenly on both sides. Now take the left dangle, (your right if facing a mirror) fold it in the middle and hold it horizontally with the open end pointing to the left. Now take the other end and wrap it around the first end, pulling the middle through the loop where your left thumb was while holding the right side of the tie, or was it the left? Pull the middle through the loop, under the fold and then tighten the knot by adjusting each side. The secret of this tie is to leave it slightly disheveled and let it droop, for that nonchalant look.

Thus we see that the *bon vivant* on the American scene today, and especially on the college campus will definitely replace re bop this spring.



HOUSEPARTY PLAYBOYS . . .

With our shoes all neat and shining
 And our trousers cleaned and pressed
 Through the wining and dining
 We are set to do our best
 Broil the lobster, pour the bubbles,
 While we gaily pay the check.
 We are free from money troubles.
 We have dollars by the peck.
 When the bands have ceased their
 playing
 And the girls are gone from here
 We will do our thirsty paying
 Through a month without a beer.

—DAVE ETTELMAN

Lehigh Dates

by E. T.

Coming to Cedar Crest as a young, blooming Freshman I was told that an integral part of my education would be to date Lehigh . . . not all at once, of course. And now withered, haggard, and ready to resort to 'Berg boys, I gaze pensively out of my bars mulling over my memories, as one frontal lobe to another, so to speak.

First there was the athlete . . . tall and powerful, with a 1.3 average. He used to hike the hill to hill bridge just for his constitution. I was told he wrestled. But that old proverb my mother once told me about, "Never date a wrestler or you'll end up with two pins against you," only made me more daring. Since he was in training we used to spend quiet evenings at the Tally-Ho sipping goat's milk. I'll never forget the evening we were discussing the prospects of his making All-Bethlehem (there was a big left guard from Moravian giving him stiff competition) when he spilled milk on the D U (also sipping milk) in the next stall. A fight resulted and the scandal forced poor Herbert out of school.

After the tragedy of Herbert my friends decided what I needed was a good blind date. It was arranged. All I knew was that he was Bill, blue eyes, size seven hat, and owner of a Nash convertible (the last factor already made him desirable—so the advertisements go.) After putting on shoes, and shedding my usual sack-cloth and ashes for more feminine attire, I gayly stepped into the reception room. Millions of people all obviously wearing size seven hats stared. "Bill", I approached one . . . he turned out to be somebody's mother's friend's son who was waiting for Carol (short dark, father's loaded with money, now remember to be nice to her.)

"Bill", I approached another . . . I later found he was the roommate of someone who was going steady with a girl who felt sorry for her roommate (tall, blond, 20-180 vision) who would otherwise have to stay in.

Finally our eyes met. I guess it was the aura of mystery about me that attracted him at first. This was undoubtedly brought on by my perfume (one part rose water, two parts 3.2 beer, one part oyster juice, and three parts turpentine).

Bill was a real "Joe" character. His membership at the Maennerchor included free beer on Sundays. His table at Joe Kinney's was so dark he often held my ear and whispered sweet nothings into my coat sleeve. His argyles had nine colors. Bill introduced me to the "Great American Tradition"—houseparties (epicurian type). Spending a full forty minutes at the formal, costing approximately 37½ cents a minute, we retreated to the fraternity house where the weekend was spent . . . from one fraternity pin to another . . . one glass to another . . . and one blood-shot eye to another.

As I grew older and my tastes changed I became the steady companion of a Lehigh intellectual, a connoisseur of the esthetic things of life. He'd take me up to Look-Out for the clear view of the Christmas lights (it was April, but he said they put them up early in Bethlehem). And then I knew what he meant when he said he wanted 'to show me the lights.' Pipe in hand and horn-rimmed glasses clutched casually between his teeth, we'd have long discussions on the effect of Freudian psychology on Mongolian idiots . . .

OR

*Go West Young Lady,
You've Just Begun to Fight*

ah, that was culture in the raw. But then came the day when I answered his three no-trump bid with four clubs. I never saw Homer again.

And so, crushed and clinging only to memories, I herewith switch my major to Education—in which I am now well qualified.

•

Mother to house-mother: And are you sure that all of the parties at the university will be well chaperoned?

House-mother: Absolutely. Very well chaperoned.

Mother: Well, then, I don't want her to go to the University. I want her to have a good time.

—The Rivet



PICK YOUR



Shy

Shy, hah? Don't you believe it. Why would she come to a Lehigh houseparty?



Sexy

Watch out for this one—she's wild and scraggly. The ones that should be sexy usually aren't, the ones that shouldn't usually are . . . why go on?

Lush

Only too common. Square bottle not invariable may be flask, pinch bottle, beer can, crock—just so it's alcoholic. That weed looks suspiciously like a reefer. Dangerous when brawny.



Bobby Soxer

Just simply too informal. Likes to take off moccassins, lounges around barefoot. Moccassins may be handy weapon, so easy does it. Good clean fun—but she may surprise you.



DATE

By AL ABRAMOVITZ

My Ideal

You won't get him so why worry? Leopard skin only informal, not worn in evening.



Elbow Bender

This should be paired with "Lush" if at all possible. Only gals with good physiques need apply — dancing with him means carrying him. Can't be relied on to see you home — by evening's end, he can't see anything.



First Date

Too innocent to live. Can be relied on to drop those flowers and fall over them, smearing greasy hair on your gown. Date only if he has plenty money.



Joe College

Almost always a freshman. Suggest pairing with "Bobby Soxer." Pennant, which he never loses, impediment to dancing, other mutual athletics. He's not on the team, but he's trying out for cheerleader. Member of Brown Key, Big Cog Club, ASME, PU, LSMFT, ETCETERA.

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THE WITNESS

by nemko

There had been a bank robbery. The teller had been shot. All the savings of the town had been taken. The people were angry. They wanted justice. They wanted revenge.

So it was when the sheriff and a posse came to the door of Tom Jordan's cabin. They knew who had robbed the bank. They knew it was Tom Jordan. At least they thought they knew. But they didn't.

But there was one who knew. He knew that Tom had been home all night when the bank had been robbed. But he didn't tell them.

Tom knew. But they wouldn't believe Tom. They wanted to know if he could prove it. Tom said there's the one who could tell you I was home all night. Get him to talk. He'd tell you. They laughed. A likely story they said.

The one Tom said knew sat silently and watched as they took Tom away. How could he tell them. He knew that Tom had been home all night, but he couldn't tell.

There had been an arrest. The sheriff was proud. The people were happy. They would have their justice.

A trial was held. The state called its witnesses. The Bank president. The sheriff. The men of the posse. But Tom had only one witness. But the witness was bound to silence. He didn't even come into the court room.

Tom was found guilty. The jury was commended. The sheriff was congratulated. The people would have their revenge. And the witness still was silent.

Justice is quick. Justice is merciful. Justice is thorough. Tom was taken to the gallows. The sheriff asked if there were anything Tom would like to say. Tom said yes. Tom said he wanted everyone to know that he was not guilty, and that he hoped that everyone who had helped to convict him would burn in hell.

But the people didn't listen. The people wanted revenge. They got their revenge. The people wanted justice. They thought they had gotten justice. They hadn't.

There were three who knew that they didn't get justice. Tom knew. They killed him. The thief knew. He ran away. Tom's only witness, his little dog, knew. He curled up and died.



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"Hiya Charlie, how're the women treatin' you?"

"Got no kicks."

"Doin' all right, huh? Say, I know a babe—"

"Listen punk, beat it!"

"No offense, boy, just thought—"

"Well quit thinking, it don't go with your suit."

"Okay, okay, just remember—anytime—she's got class too—Sure, sure, I'm goin'!"

Charlie slapped a buck on the bar and left. "Little bastard!" he muttered to himself.

It was quiet in the park. Charlie was alone. He wanted to be alone. For days he'd had that hollow feeling, an indescribable feeling, enough to drive him crazy. She's only another girl, he would tell himself, and then in the same breath, but I think I love her. Sally. He'd met her a week ago at Jim's house, taken her home. She danced like a dream, only she wasn't a dream. Just the thought of her—

"Then it's a date. I'll be there at seven-thirty. So long Sally,—honey."

Thursday crawled by, then Friday. Saturday night finally came and Charlie was there at seven-fifteen. The movie was second rate, only it was the best he'd ever seen.

Next week he saw her again, and the one after, too. Then every night. She was a swell girl—someone to talk to, to love, to marry.

One night, Charlie asked her. The world echoed to thousands of pretty mouths whispering "yes".

The boys at the bar were giving him a razzing.

"Have one on me, everybody! Even you, punk."

"So Charlie remembers me. Remember the babe I —"

"I told you before! Wanna poke this time? I'm getting married."

Easy fella—I just wanted to tell you, she's getting married, too."

Don't Wait!

Don't Be Late!

GET YOUR

1948 Epitome Now

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY WEEKLY BULLETIN

Monday, April 26

8:10 a.m. Classes resumed after houseparty recess.
9:10 a.m. Classes resumed after houseparty weekend.
10:10 a.m. Classes resumed after houseparty recess.
4:10 p.m. Building inspection by damage survey committee.
4:10 p.m. Meeting of discipline committee.
8:00 p.m. Party in GOBLET office to eliminate huge surplus from magazine sales.

Tuesday, April 27

9:00 a.m. Repairs begin on Grace Hall.
10:00 a.m. GOBLET sales resumed to fill deficit.
4:10 p.m. Meeting of discipline committee.
7:30 p.m. Dames club—speech on "Interdigitation Before Marriage."

Wednesday, April 28

2:00 p.m. Varsity Charades—Lehigh vs. Cedar Crest
4:00 p.m. Discipline committee meets
8:00 p.m. Camera Club—Errol Flynn lecturing on "Darkroom Technique"

Thursday, April 29

1:00 p.m. Students report to Health Bureau for rub-downs and tonic
4:00 p.m. Reorganization meeting of Brown and White Radio
4:00 p.m. Discipline committee meets
7:30 p.m. Tone Society lecture—"Influence of Be hop on Bach"
8:00 p.m. International Relations club—speech by Vladimir Vorishnopovski on "Capitalism on Wall Street"

Friday, April 30

2:00 p.m. Intercollegiate Debate—Lehigh vs. Vassar—"Resolved that House parties are demoralizing to American Womenhood"
4:00 p.m. Reserve Officers meeting—Lecture by Mil Department on "How to Antagonize a World Power"
8:00 p.m. Student Concert Lecture committee presents comic opera "Tutti Fruiti"

Saturday, May 1

2:00 p.m. Varsity Lacrosse—Lehigh vs. Easton Pententiary on St. Lukes Hospital Lawn
8:00 p.m. Student concert lecture committee presents tragic opera "Tutti Fruiti"

Sunday, May 2

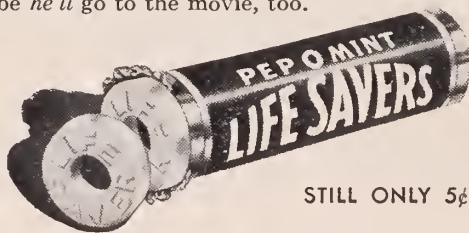
Nothing doing today. Go home and sleep—at last!

TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You're all agog! You meet your super dream boy when you're movie bound! And you start to feel guh-guh-guh! Don't do a fadeout! Don't resign from the human race! Just rush up and offer him yummy Life Savers. Maybe he'll go to the movie, too.

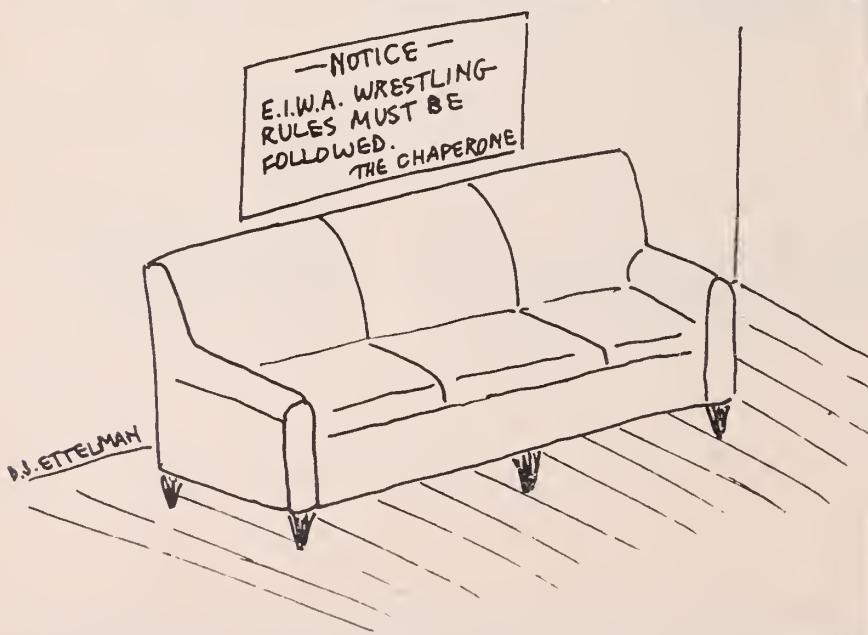


"Peanut butter!" yelled the student, dashing his sandwich to the floor. "Peanut butter! For weeks peanut butter. A man gets fed up with peanut butter! A man gets belly sick of peanut butter! Every day, every noon, peanut butter! I refuse to eat more peanut butter! Nothing in my lunch but this damned peanut butter!" He tore his lunch bag into little pieces.

"Why don't you speak to your wife about it? Maybe she's just thoughtless."

"Leave my wife out of this! I make my own lunch."

Bill Schwindinger, 45 C. E. Laurel St., gets a whole box of life savers for just sending us the above idiocy. You can top Bill's story by at least half, wits! Send your gags to the GOBLET.



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Second Burglar: Robbing one of
the fraternity houses.

First Burglar: Loose anything?
—*The Rivet*

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Bunin: If the Dean doesn't take
back what he said to me this morning
I am going to leave college.

Greer: What did he say?

Bunin: He told me to leave college.

—*The Rivet*

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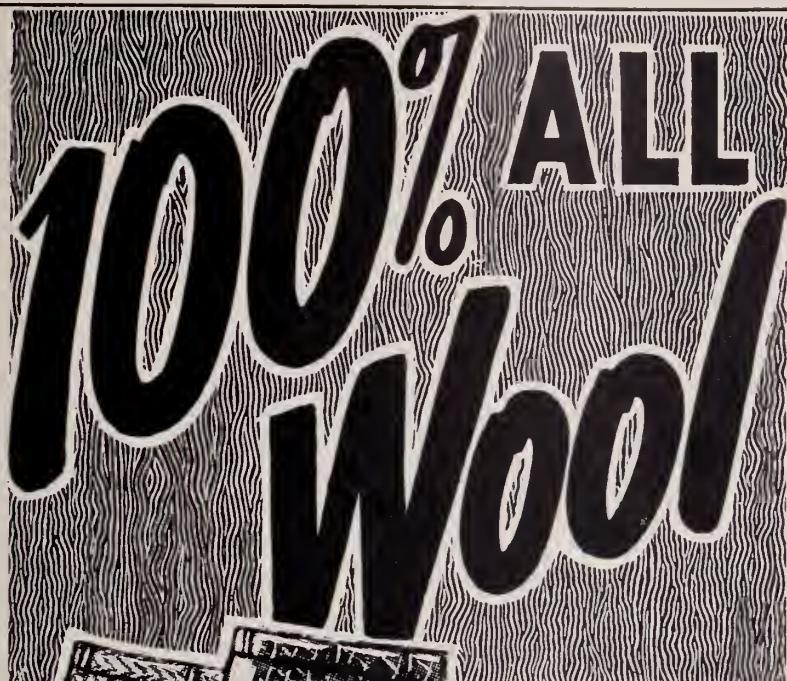
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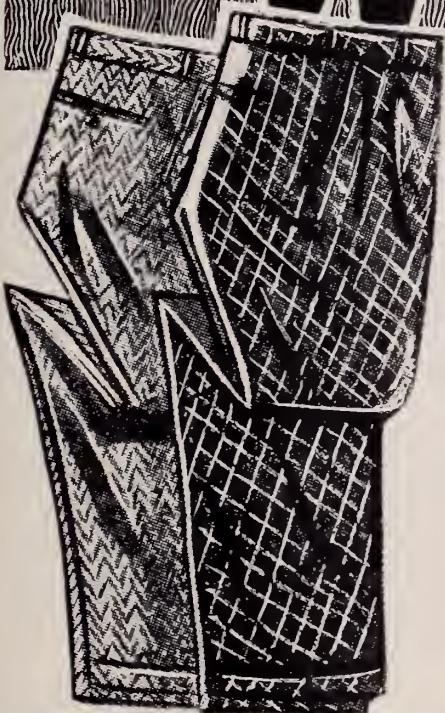
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RESEARCH

By Dick Ash

You few who fathom Einstein
May disregard this humble rhyme,
But you who thirst for knowledge sake;
I will attempt your drought to slake.
Of relativity I oft had heard
In many a great and mighty word,
Four dimensions I sought to see
But try my best, I saw but three.
Then at last the secret I found
To gaze within a depth profound.
I plainly saw dimensions four
And five and six and even more,
Indeed it was a glorious sight
For all was clothed in colors bright!
So if you also seek to spy
Dimensions ad infin-i-tae
The answer is extremely clear
You'll see them in ein stein of beer.



"The modern girl is nothing but an animated doll," declares a modern novelist. He must admit, however, that she doesn't call "Mama" when she is squeezed.—Annapolis Log

She might later, though.

—Dartmouth, Jack O'Lantern

How much later?

—Harvard, Lampoon

This is getting good.

—Missouri, Show Me

This is getting dirty.

—Princeton, Tiger

This is getting boring.

—Cornell, Widow

This is getting.

—Yale, Record

Nowhere

—Jack O'Lantern

Fast!

Compliments of . . .

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Bethlehem Chamber of Commerce



No, she's sitting this one out

Complete Line of
School and Office Supplies

Lehigh Stationery Co.

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and SUPPLIES

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Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Bachelor: A man who never makes the same mistake once.

—Yellow Jacket



"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

—Sundial

. . . CASH ON

THE SPOT . . .

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Man may have more courage than woman, but he doesn't get half the chance to show his backbone.

—Wet Hen

Rader's Brau Haus

—Let us cater to your
private party.

428 West Broad Street
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"Have a pack of Dentyne. It's fine after meals!"



"Just as I reached my boiling point I gave the chef a pack of Dentyne. That got me out of the royal stew fast! Naturally—because Dentyne's keen, delicious flavor always makes friends fast! Dentyne also helps keep teeth white!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only By Adams

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"Yes and no."

—Sundial

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SNACKS

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Prof.: Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?

'50: No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again.

Prof. Extraordinary resemblance though—extraordinary.

—*Yellow Jacket*

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A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when the small son came running in, carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry, Mother, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until—" and noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice—"until God called him home."

—*Sundial*

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Coroner: "And what were your husband's last words?"

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—*The Rivet*

— The most picturesque spot in the Lehigh Valley —

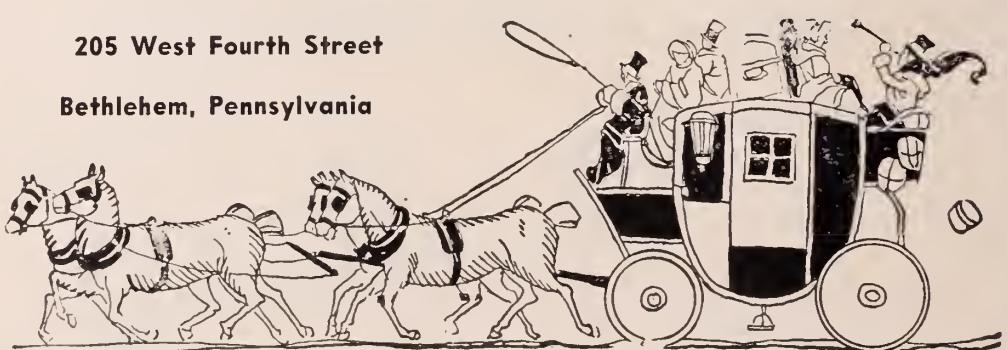
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Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

JIMMY
and
ANN
GOODIN



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



As the late, great Gertrude Stein might have said—but didn't—"a buck is a buck is a buck." And bucks—up to fifteen of 'em—are precisely what Pepsi-Cola Co. kicks in for gags you send in and we print.

Just mark your stuff with your name, address, school and class, and send it to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co.

We pay only for those we print. Yes, you collect a rejection slip if your masterpiece lays an egg on arrival.

Will we hate you for mentioning "Pepsi-Cola" in your gag? Au contraire, to coin a phrase. It stimulates us. Even better than benzedrine. So come on—bandage up that limp badinage, and send it in—for Easy Money. Then just sit back and cross your fingers.

—DAFFY DEFINITIONS—

\$1 apiece to *Herbert W. Hugo* of *Northwestern Univ.*, *Richard M. Sheirich* of *Colgate Univ.*, *Tad Golas* of *Columbia College*, *Bob Sanford* of *Notre Dame*, and *Jo Cargill* of *Bates College* for these. And when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend's front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi.

Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

* * *

Suffering from the shorts? Here's your answer—one buck each for any of these we buy.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



A very special contest—for cartoonists who can't draw. If that's you, just write a caption for this remarkable cartoon. (If you can't write, either, we can't do business.) \$5 each for the best captions. Or if you're a cartoonist who *can* draw, send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

December winners: \$15.00 to: *Kathy Conso* of *Michigan State College*; \$5.00 each to: *Alex. H. Veazey* of *Philadelphia*, *Leroy Lott* of *Univ. of Texas*, and *Robert A. M. Booth* of *Univ. of Colorado*. Not a conscience in the crowd!

LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for *Mauro Montoya* of *Univ. of New Mexico*:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

Arthur J. McGrane of *Duke Univ.* also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!

HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to *Mannmon-worshippers Bill Spencer* of *Hardin-Simmons Univ.*, *Nick G. Flocos* of *Univ. of Pittsburgh*, *Shirley Motter* of *Univ. of Cincinnati*, and *Carson I. Ronas* of *Brooklyn, N. Y.*, respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, be that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's better!

* * *

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

* * *

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

* * *

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

* * *

\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

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Chandette Colbert

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"SLEEP, MY LOVE"
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"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I started raising tobacco. I know they're made of mild ripe tobacco because that's the kind they buy from me."

J. Hogan Ballard -
TOBACCO FARMER,
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